

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Dora.



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S
(sollolliguing in street car)
I don't believe
in love at first
sight; but I
do believe in
fate. I always
have believed in
fate. Ten
minutes ago I
was on my

way down town with the fixed intention of going in that direction and no other, you know, riding up town, without the vaguest idea of stopping anywhere. What induced me to change my mind so suddenly? I have never done such an erratic thing before. What lovely, lovely eyes she has!

Conductor—Change cars for Thirty-fourth street ferry!

Duncan—Shall I change cars? Perhaps I'd better.

A man outside—Bananas! Ten for a quarter! Put 'em up in a bag for you.

Duncan—No, I'll stay where I am. It is true, I saw Sissy Tomkyns in this car as it passed me, but I would never run three blocks for the pleasure of talking to him. Much more likely to run the other way. He is an unmitigated ninny—everyone knows that. I am immensely relieved when he got off the car.

Voice at the window—Ten for a quarter.

Duncan—And then I got this sent directly opposite her. How fortunate! Was there ever such a face? And such beautiful hair. The old lady must be her grandmother—no, I don't want bananas. We were so near her when we were having our talk that strap together that she heard every word we said. I could see that plainly. That's Tomkyns' one virtue, he gives personal opportunities for being brilliant.

(Car goes on.)
Vocal in distance—Ten—quarter—bag for you—

Duncan—It's fate, that's clear. It is a little dark in the tunnel, so now I can't see at all where her flowing hair. I have never seen such a pretty profile nor such a lovely smile. And what a soft, sweet voice she had. I could listen to it all day. The old lady seems to be a sensible sort of party. Why does she not drop her fan or her handkerchief, or do something to give me a chance of making myself useful?

Duncan—Nearly every day I get out of the car. A little trip in the country would be agreeable, perhaps. No, I'll stay in town and go up the avenue. What is the old lady saying to her now? Something about the streets.

Old Lady—We must not go too far up, Dora. You will have to ask the conductor. (Looks round anxiously.)
Drama (rubbing his hat)—I am not of any service to you.

Old Lady—Thank you. I want to know where No.—Fifth avenue is.

Duncan—I am not quite sure, but I will ask the driver. (Goes out on the front platform.)

Small boy in the street—Look out for the dog!

(Car stops and frightened our runs in.)

(Driver, looking gleefully)—There goes Mad dog, mad dog!

(Lady passengers scream and run out of the other door.)

Dora—Don't be frightened, grandmas.

Wait for me; you will fall, grandmas!

Conductor—Well, I never send such a stampede.

Passenger (to Duncan)—The young lady dropped her cape. There she goes; you catch her.

Duncan (taking it and rushing out)—Fate is with me.

IL

Duncan Holmes (smoking in his room)—What a race I've had all the afternoon with that cape! I dashed across the street, cold air blowing into a cab, and I ran blocks and blocks to catch them. There was such a crowd in the avenue that I could hardly keep the cab in sight—I knew it by the blue curtain at the back. At last it stopped. I came up breathless, making my best bow, the door opened and two gentlemen, one older than the other, two cabs with blue curtains and I had caught the wrong one! What a dilemma I was in! I was determined to find her before an advertisement for the cape appeared in the paper, for I would not relish going to her as if to claim "twenty dollars reward." I turned the cape inside out in hopes of finding some clue to the owner. In the pocket of the cape was a slip of paper with three monograms written in a delicate running hand: "Noz paper, milliner, Charley's slippers." How I envied Charley, who ever he might be! Her brother, I thought, and she was going to order his slippers—a good, kind sister. There was nothing else in the pocket except this handkerchief. I have kept it as a souvenir. There can be no harm in such a theft as that. Some day when

we are both old I shall hunt her up again and give it back to her, and we shall laugh together over the mad dog episode. There is melancholy satisfaction in the prospect. It is a pretty little trifling, but it makes me feel much better in my mind.

With her name in one corner—Theodore, a sweet, stately name, just suited to her. This shall never leave me until I give it into her own hands. When that time comes my hands will be wrinkled and shaky and my hair white, her blue eyes will be dim with years and her voice cracked with age. I have no time to think of that; I don't believe in fate, but I have! James is staying a long time. I told him to ride both ways. What a mercy it was that I did not carry out my first plan of applying for information at the home in Fifth avenue to which they were going. I should have looked a picture! I have no time to think now to relate the case incident in my hand way and to describe the two ladies, particularly the old one, her soft, white hair and gray eyes, and all that, but anyone, at least, any woman would have seen that I was in love and would have taken infinite pleasure in enlightening me. I thank you for your advice, Mr. Longhorne. I had received another application when within five yards of the house. I took one more look at the cape and saw that it was quite new and had the maker's name inside the collar. I dashed over to the elevated, caught the next train, rode down town, and

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Inman—Oh, pardon me, I did not mean to grieve you so. Bark, the master is beginning. Shall we go into the other room?

Duncan—No, thank you; we can hear very well. Are you fond of music?

Duncan—Yes, very. That fellow plays well, too.

Dora—Grandma had a sweet face. It suited her character exactly. I nearly died when I lost her, and now I am quite alone.

Duncan—Is she dead? I am shocked to death. I had no idea you were in mourning for her. (Aside.) Where on earth is Botan, then?

Dora—Your face shows you are grieved. Thank you. I remember that you were very kind that day. (Singing begins.) That is a fine voice, but I am very tired of the song. Are you not?

Duncan—No, I do not know.

Dora—Not like me, I suppose?

Duncan—Yes, yes, of course. Iardon me, I was thinking of something else. I am glad we are not to have another verse. It is time I restored the rest of your property to you. The handkerchief has been all over Europe with me.

Duncan—Did I drop it in the car? But, no, you have made a mistake. It is not mine.

Duncan—Not yours? I found it in the pocket of your fur cape, and it has your name. Look—Theodore!

Dora—Indeed you mistake. My name is Dorothy.

Duncan—I do not understand. Did not my servant go to your house in Seventy-sixth street?

Dora—No, he could not have done so, for I have always lived in Madison avenue.

Duncan—But he saw your—your—

Mr. Botan.

Dora—Who can you mean? I have no brother, and my father has been dead for ten years.

Duncan—But—but do you mean to say it did not lose your fur cape that day?

Duncan—Mr. Holmes, I assure you I never lost a fur cape, for I never had one. I begin to understand now. The lady who sat next me in the car had one on her lap.

Duncan—I see, I see; I was on a wild-goose chase. But tell me, what is your name? Margie called you Dora Botan.

Dora—Here is my visiting card in her card basket. Look.

Duncan—Miss Dorothy Broughton—Miss Dorothy Broughton. Miss! Well, well, what an absurd mistake I made!

Duncan Holmes (in his married sister's drawing room two years later)—I say the least. Soon after reaching New York I saw in a New York paper the death, "sudden," of Charles Botan, at the address to which I had sent the fur cape. Two weeks ago I came home, and while attending an afternoon tea at Margaret's, saw sitting in a corner, dressed in black, Theodore. I asked, "Who is she?" "She is Dorothy Botan. Poor dear she has only just left off her cradle. You must meet her; she is charming." In another minute we were standing before her. Margie said, hurriedly: "Dora, this is my friend Duncan Holmes. You have heard me speak of him, and when he came to greet a newcomer. Ah, what a delightful half-hour I passed talking to her, listening to her voice, and looking into her eyes! She is not much changed, though sadder than she was and I fancied once that she had a dimple in her cheek, but that is hardly possible. She did not speak of the fur cape incident nor of her husband. She has met her twice in the street since then, and last Sunday I went into church with her. She promised me she would be here this evening, and she has kept her word.

(His sister bows to Dora.)

Duncan—I am early, I see. Good evening, Mr. Holmes; are we the first arrivals?

Duncan—No, there are several persons in the next room, but it is very comfortable here.

Dora—I have not been anywhere for so long that I feel quite strange.

Dora—Have this arm-chair, and I will take this one. Now, I want to tell you a secret.

Dora—A secret, Mr. Holmes?

Duncan—Yes; and to restore you to your old self again, a secret is not a formidable affair. Have this arm-chair, and I will take this one. Now, I want to tell you a secret.

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joke, it is solemn truth. Have you forgotten?

Dora—I have forgotten what?

Duncan—That we met two years ago, you and I. There is recollection written in your eyes, but you do not quite plane them.

Dora—I thought I had seen you before and heard you talk. Only yesterday I was thinking—

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, - Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, NOV. 27, 1891.

BRIEF EDITORIALS AND NEWS NOTES.

MANY counties in Kansas have had no rain since July, and the drought has delayed plowing so that the winter wheat is far below the average of last year.

JASON B. BROWN, Congressman from the Third Indiana District, thinks ROGER Q. MILLIS, the Texas Congressman and author of the Mills Bill, will be elected Speaker of the Fifty-second Congress.

CHICAGO Socialists indorse a letter read by THOMAS G. MORGAN SUNDAY declaring that hereafter there should not be any connection between their crowd and the Anarchists.

FOURTY-FIVE families of farmers from the German border of Russia, numbering about 450 persons, arrived in New York Sunday en route to South Dakota to form a settlement.

FIVE Italians, ranging in age from 20 to 30 years, have been arrested at Jackson, Tenn. They had four pistols and three razors, and are supposed to belong to the New Orleans Mafia.

KANSAS was visited by a severe snow storm Saturday night. Snow was three inches deep on a level, and badly drifted by a blizzard blowing at the time. West from Atchison the storm extended 100 miles.

THE Methodist General Missionary Committee, in session at Cleveland, O., last week, voted \$24,000 for the purchase and improvement of missionary property. The total sum of money for the disposal of which the committee voted is \$1,222,000.

THE Postmaster General is said to be putting the finishing touches on his annual report to Congress, and he will doubtless explain how the increased deficiency in postal revenue, which amounts to over \$7,000,000, was incurred in improving the mail service.

ABOUT 400 Postal Clerks met at Kansas City, Mo., last week and effected an organization to be known as the National Railway Clerks' Association, the object of which is to secure the passage of a bill through Congress increasing the pay of the clerks and providing pensions for them.

THE Central Labor Union, of Nashville, Tenn., last week adopted resolutions condemning the lawlessness in East Tennessee, but pledges itself to do all within its power to right the wrongs of the free miners in a lawful way. The Union will appeal to the Legislature for aid in the matter.

COL. W. O. BRADLEY, who is now in Washington to attend the meeting of the Republican National Committee, gives it as his opinion that President HARRISON will be renominated and re-elected. Col. BRADLEY favors Cincinnati as the place for the Republican National Convention.

THE Supreme Council of the Farmers' Alliance have adjourned, to meet next year in Atlanta, Ga.; Harrisburg, Pa., or San Francisco. The Council refused to give the Reform Press Association any kind of endorsement, and on this account H. W. AYER, Private Secretary to President POLK, resigned.

RETURNS from the Second Tennessee Congressional District are not all in, but HOKE, Republican, is elected by about 6,500 majority over WILLIAMS, Democrat. The district has always been strongly Republican, and in the Presidential election HARRISON carried it by 14,000. So it appears that the Democrats have made a handsome gain.

ALVIN DAVIS, an employee of the Kentucky Central Railroad, was run over by a freight train at the coal chute, at Paris, Ky., Saturday at midnight, and died Sunday morning from his injuries. His left leg was cut off and left arm crushed. Twenty minutes before the accident he had taken out an accident policy for \$1,000. Davis was 28 years of age and single.

ABOUE the faculties, stimulate the circulation, purify the blood, with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Maytown Miseries.

The low price of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD places it within the reach of every one that wants to read or use it. Why not subscribe, pay for and read it? We have no news, but many things of interest. We find in THE HERALD of Nov. 20 two short articles, one headed "A Sensible View of the Situation," the other one, "Some Important Truths." They are worth one year's subscription. Undoubtedly you are right.

Our fellow-townsman W. W. Swango had the misfortune to lose his beautiful cottage home last Tuesday morning by fire. The man of the household goes also his neat house with contents. The opposition is a defect in the fire the cause. Loss about \$500, insured for \$300. The timely arrival of the bucket brigade saved his old stone house from the same sad fate.

Miss Lula Jones is still very low with fever and not expected to live. Nov. 23. WINGLESS.

White Oak Whittling.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, G. B. Allen, Miss Ida Allen to Thomas A. May, both of this place. They were attended by Harry Jones and Miss Dora Lacy, C. P. May and Miss Lillie Allen. The knot being tied by Rev. Remmy Mackey. The good-natured parents of the parties immediately left for the home of the groom (Uncle Allen May's), where there was an excellent reception awaiting the return of the "prodigal," the "fattest" turkey being cooked and all other things of the culinary art in proportion. The young couple have one best wish that their new home may be a happy one and that their troubles may be "little ones."

John B. and Walla Millard, of Bloomington, have bought the steam mill at the mouth of White Oak from W. C. Lacy for \$1,200, and will remove it to Bloomington in the near future. Mill men will please take notice that this place will be a first-class location for a steam mill for sawing, grinding, carding, etc. We have some electric mills to take advantage of the water and sell at once.

The physicians of Morgan County organized an association at West Liberty last Saturday to be held once a month in the county and to be known as the Medical Association of the Physicians of Morgan County. The physicians of adjoining counties are cordially invited to attend.

Alex Patrick and his daughter, Miss Ada, who have been visiting at this place, are coming back to their home at Maytown this morning.

Died, from heart failure, at her home, near this place, on the 18th inst., wife of Jerry Perkins; leaves a husband and three children.

E. P. Gates has moved into the Widow Taubel's property, at this place.

Born, to the wife of Frank Conley, a girl.

Nov. 23. BYRON.

From Georgetown, Texas.

Mr. Editor—Will you please give me space in your valuable paper for a short article? I live eight miles south of Georgetown. Farmers are about through picking cotton, and have started their plows for another crop. We are having nice weather. Health is good in Texas. I hear of no child nor fever. Water is not as cold as it is in Kentucky, but it is clear and delicious.

A girl 7 years old who weighs 80 pounds. She is a granddaughter of Fielden Silvers, the son of Abner Silvers. I am well satisfied with Texas, because I get The HERALD every week and I like to read the different letters from Texas and the like.

—Born, to the wife of Frank Conley, a girl.

Respectfully, JOHN S. HARPER.

Fausta the Yearling Record.

ANOTHER world's record was broken on Saturday (Carroll) kilometer track Saturday, being driven a mile by Millard Sanders in 2:25, breaking the world's record of 2:26. It was a wonderful performance as the filly trotted the Tuesday before in 2:40.

The filly is well rated and made a splendid debut, running and made a mile in 55 seconds. She went to the quarter post in 37:4, to the half in 1:18:1, three-quarters in 1:50:4, and the mile in 2:25.

It is predicted by horsemen that Fausta will go this fall in 2:20. Sanders drove McCarthy's Cupid, by Sidney, against 2:19 and made the mile in 2:18.

Direct worked out for a mile in about 2:12, but will not go again his record until this week.

C. W. WILLIAMS, of Independence, Iowa, owner of Allerton, 2:09:1, in a recent race at Carroll, was a popular speaker at the following compliment to our old friend B. J. Tracy, of Ashland Park Stock Farm:—"The cock of the walk at Lexington is Barney Tracy. He knows everybody and everybody knows him, and he is like a glass of champagne all day and all night, and all the next day will be the same." Allie Bonner bought a very valuable colt there, and some talk was being made about him in the bar-room of the Hotel, Phenix—some discussion about his size and marks—when Barney slipped all out and in a few minutes came back to settle the colt right into the bar-room to settle the question. There is only one Lexington, and one Barney Tracy in it."

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Has a larger circulation in Wolfe, Morgan and Breathitt than all other papers in the State, and merchants in Mt. Sterling, Winchester, Lexington, Frankfort and Ironton will send it THE BEST MONEY through which to secure Mountain Trade.

ADVERTISING RATES.

TRANSIENT.

Advertisements inserted for less than 3 months will be 25 cents an inch for the first insertion, and 20 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

"ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISING MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE."

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 inch, 12 months \$ 7.50

2 inches, " 12.50

3 inches, " 15.00

4 inches, " 18.75

5 inches, " 22.50

6 inches, " 25.00

Liberal rates on larger advertisements made known on application.

Large notices will be considered and reading rates—10 cents a line, with a line count of 25 per cent., where they run a month or more.

Obituaries, tributes of respect, etc., &c. a line, or six words to the editor, with a sum money with the manuscript. We will publish obituaries and publish at 5 cents a line.

Marriage and death notices, not exceeding ten lines, collected and published FREE.

Send to HAZEL GREEN HERALD,
PAYABLE QUARTERLY ON DEMAND.

SPENCER COOPER,
Hazel Green, Ky.

A BALD head is unnecessary and unnatural. Hall's Hair Renewer will prevent it.

MOLLIE, daughter of Pop Ross, has been quite sick with fever, but is now much better.

H. C. SWANGO, of this place, made a flying visit to Powell county Friday, returning home Sunday night.

JIMMIE TAULBEE, of Mt. Sterling, is visiting his uncle, Dr. John A. Taulbee, and other relatives and friends at this place.

NEW subscribers to THE HERALD will receive the paper to January 1, 1893, for \$1 in cash, and now is the time to subscribe.

SEE T. F. Carr's new advertisement this week, if you want to see and read something funny, and which might be of interest to you.

S. S. COMBS, of Campton, will soon send his two sons to Hazel Green to attend the Academy. They will board with H. F. Pieratt.

MRS. ELLEN PIERATT was quite sick for a few days this week, but is now improving under the treatment of Dr. John A. Taulbee.

SAUL CRAVEN, who was visiting his son, J. W. Craven, at this place last week, has returned to his home in Montgomery county.

WHEN a lady desires a piece of nice dress goods it pays to buy it at a place where they handle the best. Cassell & Price, Lexington, Ky., is that place.

A drove of 24 mules, the property of George & Carter, of Montgomery county, passed through here Tuesday, en route for the North Carolina market.

JOHN BREWER, of Grassy Creek, will soon move to Hazel Green, and occupy the Baze house. He comes here to avail of the educational advantages for his children.

J. M. TAULBEE writes us from Rousseau, Breathitt county, to change the address of his paper to that place. He has been receiving it at Fish Trap, in Pike county.

FLOYD DAY, of this place, left Friday for Whitesburg, where he has a case in the Letcher Circuit Court, which is now in session. He will probably be absent several days.

MISS MOLLIE DOUGLASS, the music teacher, has been confined to her room at the dormitory for several days past by illness, but we are glad to note that she is now much better.

DR. J. M. KASH reports the following: Newton Maloney's wife, living on Mrs. Nannie Kash's farm, near Hazel Green, on Sunday presented him with a 12-pound boy, Newt, is all smiles.

MORT SWANGO and two young friends from Lexington, Sam McClelland and Arch Barkley, came up Tuesday for a bird hunt, and will return to school at Kentucky University next Sunday.

W. B. GREEK, formerly of Morgan county, but more recently residing at Granbury, Texas, writes us from Cors Hill, Texas, asking that we change the address of his paper to the latter place.

THROUGH carelessness we last week gave the name of the new music teacher at the Academy as Miss Mollie Jackson. It should have been Miss Mollie Douglass, and we beg her pardon for making the error.

REV. F. AGAR and wife are holding a meeting this week at Ward's School Home, Next Sunday Rev. W. W. Manker, of Maytown, will preach. There will be a meeting at Cliffton, Thursday, Dec. 1. All are welcome.

FRANK DUKES on Tuesday brought to this office a hand of the smallest White Barley to see if we have ever seen, the color being a light golden. Frank says if he had a hogshead of the same kind he would have a fortune.

A MAN named Dawson Bowman was shot and killed in Breathitt county Sunday evening. The particulars, as we get them from Mr. Shackleford, who carries the mail, are about as follows: Dawson Bowman and Phil Brown, on the one side, and Brock and Benson Roberts on the other, were playing cards. The two former had won 25 cents from the two latter, but upon being told by the Roberts boys that it was their money they had, Bowman returned it, but poked fun at them about their playing. All, however, shook hands and became friends, and, and then started for Roberts' place, but had gone only a short distance when Brock Roberts left the crowd, and running to a point a little distant, opened fire upon Bowman with his pistol. He fired every load he had, and Bowman fell to the ground and died almost instantly from one or more wounds. The Roberts boys are cousins to each other and nephews of Obe Roberts, who sells whisky on the Kentucky River, near where the killing took place. Roberts was arrested, after firing upon the Deputy Sheriff several times, and had his examining trial on Tuesday, but we have not yet learned the result.

THE following report of Wm. Chambers' sale, at Stillwater last Saturday, has been furnished us by Auctioneer John H. Pieratt. Mr. Chambers had the foresight to advertise in THE HERALD, and consequently a good crowd was in attendance and the bidding spirited, as shown by the prices:

1 year old heifer \$ 11.25

1 yearling heifer 9.00

1 calf, 4 months old 9.25

1 cow 22.00

1 cow 19.25

1 horse 88.50

1 mare 70.25

1 Gold Dust filly 112.50

1 colt 35.50

Corn sold at 37c. per bushel, and 10 bags brought \$4.65 per 100 pounds. The household and kitchen furniture and all farming implements sold well. A noticeable feature of this sale is the price of hogs, for on the same day the best heavy hogs in the Cincinnati market brought only \$3.65¢ (\$3.25). It pays to advertise.

LADIES of this section can buy the finest cloaks, dresses, gowns, blankets, combs, hairdressing goods, etc., to be found in the State by a visit to the store of Cassell & Price, 16 and 18 W. Main Street, Lexington, Ky. Their stock is superior to anything ever before shown in that city, and the firm assures us that the prices will be satisfactory to all purchasers. They handle first-class goods only, and sell strictly at "one price to all." Be sure and give them a trial.

THE HERALD congratulates the senior editor of the Morgan Messenger upon his marriage, and wishes him and his bride all the peace and prosperity that fall to the lot of mortals. J. H. Caraway and Mrs. Laura S. Williams were united in the holy bonds of wedlock by Rev. Ayres, of Versailles, Ind. The Messenger announces that Mr. Caraway will bring his bride to West Liberty shortly after the first of January.

Most gladly did we receipt for a registered letter at the postoffice Monday. It was to be from our old friend "Mack," and contained the cash for a list of subscribers to THE HERALD at White Oak, Morgan county. If a few others of our friends will hustle like "Mack," we can soon run our list up to 2,000. Go to work, friends, and send us a good list from every postoffice in the mountains.

W. O. MIZE, of this place, is canvassing among the State Senators for the position of Enrolling Clerk of the Senate, the understanding being that the position is elective one under the new constitution. It has heretofore been by appointment of the Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Mize has twice held a like position in the House, through appointment by the Speaker, and he fully understands the work.

M. L. LUNG, of Upper Grassy, "Dicks Glory," was in town on Thursday of last week, and bought a large bill of goods from J. T. Day & Co., for his store at that place, "Dicks" as he is familiarly called by his host of friends, thinks the neighborhood he lives in is the finest in the State, and says if they only had a railroad "Dicks Glory" would soon rival towns of much greater pretensions.

LAST week James Williams, a tenant of Mr. Hill Greer, suffered the loss of his house and effects by fire. He was away from home and it is supposed the smoke fire remaining in the fireplace ignited the dwelling, and on account of the heavy wind blowing it was a total mass of flames when discovered. Everything was destroyed, Neut. was all smiles.

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W. B. GREEK, formerly of Morgan county, but more recently residing at Granbury, Texas, writes us from Cors Hill, Texas, asking that we change the address of his paper to the latter place.

THROUGH carelessness we last week gave the name of the new music teacher at the Academy as Miss Mollie Jackson. It should have been Miss Mollie Douglass, and we beg her pardon for making the error.

REV. F. AGAR and wife are holding a meeting this week at Ward's School Home, Next Sunday Rev. W. W. Manker, of Maytown, will preach. There will be a meeting at Cliffton, Thursday, Dec. 1. All are welcome.

FRANK DUKE on Tuesday brought to this office a hand of the smallest White Barley to see if we have ever seen, the color being a light golden. Frank says if he had a hogshead of the same kind he would have a fortune.

The HERALD and the Cincinnati Enquirer (weekly) will be sent to any address for one year for the small sum of \$1.80.

Two first-class papers for little more than the price of one. Send your subscription to this office.

THE stockholders in the Building Association are requested to meet Saturday night at THE HERALD office, at 7 o'clock, and pay their monthly dues. Those who fail to pay at that time are subject to a fine of five cents on each share, and it must be paid. All who desire to take stock are invited to attend the meeting also.

CARSELL & PRICE, Lexington, Ky., carry the finest line of dress goods in that city. A lady can take the morning train at Torrent, do her shopping at Lexington, and return on the evening train. The money she will save by buying of Cassell & Price will pay her fare, and she will have an enjoyable trip besides.

WOLFE COUNTY.

CAMPION CURRENCY.

—Rob. Carroll, who is teaching school at Breathitt county, was in town Sunday. —Prof. G. B. Stamper, who is teaching school on Holly Creek, was in town Sunday. —G. T. Hall, a center bought a horse from O. C. Hall a few days ago, for which he paid \$100.

—Harvey H. Stamper, M. D., was in town Sunday, shaking hands with his many friends.

—John T. Coons left Saturday morning for Castle's Woods, Russell county, Va., on business.

—There was a candy pulling at John Tutt's Saturday night. All who were present report a picnic of a time.

—W. T. West, of Richmond, Ky., and Ben Neale, of Irvine, Ky., were guests of the Combs House Friday.

—B. F. Jones, formerly of this place, but now a citizen of Big Stone Gap, Va., is visiting Douglas Evans and family.

—Mrs. Nancy Webb was tried before Judge Tutt Friday and adjudged innocent. She will be taken to the Asylum at Lexington.

—George Spradling has been appointed Police Judge of this place. The good citizens of this town are determined to stand by him in enforcing the law.

—On last Monday night, Nov. 16, the members of the Convention Literary Society met at the school house to elect new officers, and the action of some of the members was so disgraceful that the Grand Jury will be called upon to investigate matters.

—All liars are to have their part in the regions of the damned, I think that the gentleman who wrote a news letter to the Mt. Sterling Gazette last week, and signed it "True Kentuckian," will stand a painful chance of getting there, Etc.

—A. H. Stammer is acting as County Attorney while his father-in-law, Joseph C. Price, is in South Carolina. Mr. Stammer is a rising young lawyer of extraordinary qualifications. He is a forcible speaker, and we predict for him abundant success in the legal profession.

—Dr. James H. Stammer comes to the town this week with colors flying, and begs leave to make the following report: "Born, to the wife of Marion Long, of Stillwater, on the 19th last, a boy; George, son of W. F. Elkins, who was last week reported very low with fever, is now convalescing.

—George W. Drake came home Sunday from Texas, where he has been after Wick Tallyant, a noted outlaw, who is wanted in Lee county for murdering a man named Lucas, on the K. U. some time last winter. George, as a successful detective, is like the old man's coon trap, catches 'em acomin' an' agwine.

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H. F. PIERATT.

J. T. PIERATT.

H. F. PIERATT & CO.

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, LIVE STOCK & COUNTRY PRODUCE.

"Good People, Play Progression," Buy your goods while they are cheap, and now is the time.

WE ARE SELLING OUT!

and this is our reason: We want to buy more goods.

Don't you see that is business. We are not in business merely for pleasure, nor for health, but for the profit, and the way to make it profitable is to sell everybody. And the way to sell everybody is to sell cheaper than anybody. And that is what we are going to do—for Cash or Country Produce.

We have extended the Credit System until we are compelled to close our books, and we respectfully ask those who owe us to come in and pay part or all of your note or account. Trusting you will heed this, we remain,

Very respectfully, &c., H. F. PIERATT & CO.

JOHN M. ROSE.

H. C. SWANGO.

Rose & Swango,

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.

Carry a complete line of Dry Goods, Notions, Ladies' Dress Goods, Gents' Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Patent Medicines, Saddles, Harness, &c., and sell FOR CASH at prices lower than ever before seen in Hazel Green. All goods guaranteed as represented or money refunded.

4 1/10c. at home. They were shipped to New York in November.

—At the McClelland sale in Bourbon county, on the 12th, personal property brought about \$4,000, and the land \$17,000.

—Al. Stith and Breck Gillespie bid up 117 good butcher cattle to Baltimore.

—Gamblin & Salter, of Flat Gap, sold 40 cattle, average 1,100 lbs., at \$3.25.

—D. B. Lacy, of Morgan county, sold 20 cattle at 3c. per pound.

Here's the little Jeweler of Ezel, Turned to a Watch, the time to tell.

He is the little Jeweler of Ezel, Turned to a Watch, the time to tell. And the public sees, And a prayer is made For the Jewelry trade. Not that he's bustled, Or that he's worked, Or that he's been idle, As times are tight. He thought it right To sell gold lower Than ever before. Open Fair. Stem wind American Watches \$5.00. Large Weight Clocks \$3.50. Large Weighted Pendulum \$1.50. Wind-up Clocks \$3. Bottles of oil, 10c. Respectfully, T. F. Carr.

—THE CLARENDON

Cor. Limehouse and Short st., Lexington, Ky.

W. H. BOSWELL, PROPRIETOR.

There has been added an Annex with 20 large, well ventilated rooms. Street Cars pass the door every five minutes. Located within two squares of depot.

ONE DOLLAR WEEKLY

Buy a good Gold Watch by the Case System. Our 14-karat gold-filled cases are warranted for 20 years. Plus Eight and Waltham movements. New and old cases. All kinds of gold cases. Equal to my \$50 watch for paving for same.

Our Agent at Durham, N. C., writes: "Our jewelers have confessed they don't know how you can furnish such work for the money."

Our Agent at Heath Springs, S. C., writes: "Your watches look at high prices, generally when the leather cases are examined and priced a jeweler's watches in Lancaster, that were no better than yours, but the price was \$45."

Our Agent at Pennington, Tex., writes: "Any watch is worth the weight of its metal."

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GUESS

what will be the number of subscribers in the five largest lists received from Nov. 1, '91, to March 31, '92.

For same term last winter it was 2099, and the winter before was 1405.

The premiums are to be presented to those whose guesses are correct or nearest correct. For full list see Weekly Enquirer, now the largest 12 page dollar a year paper in the United States.

ENQUIRER COMPANY,

CINCINNATI, O.

AGENTS WANTED.

Good salaries made from \$20.00 to \$60.00 a day during Winter season. Only those willing to work, ladies or gentlemen, need apply.

ENQUIRER COMPANY, Cincinnati, O.



FATHER'S VICTIM.

A Story of Western Life

(COPYRIGHT, 1881.)

BY A. N. KELLOGG & CO.

CHAPTER L
MONEY TO LOAN.

ASTERN MONEY
TO LOAN IN
LARGE OR SMALL
TERMS. EASY
TERMS. APPLY
TO S. O. MONTFORT,
SCRAGGS, AGT.

John Green read and reread this advertisement over and over as he sat in a chair, a worn-out evening in front of his little sod cabin in western Kansas. It was short, plain and pointed, and evidently anyone ought to have understood it at a glance. Yet John Green read it and studied it as though it was some deep problem with many hidden depths. At last he found the local paper on which the advertisement appeared and arising paced to and fro across the yard with his head bowed and a look of deep trouble on his face.

"I don't know," he mused, as he came back and resumed his seat near the cabin door. "Something must be done, and done at once; for, as matters stand, starvation is the end of the face. We must have food, and we must have money in order to get it; and there is but one way, so far as I can see, to get money—but one way. And yet I dislike to think of mortgaging the farm. I have had experience with mortgages, and I dread them. They are the bane of a poor man's life, the cancer that eats in deeper and deeper until he is left destitute and homeless."

John Green considered as he drew this conclusion, for it began to blight in all its grisly vividness that time, but a few years before, when that vampire, the mortgage, had eaten up his last dollar and turned himself and family from their loved little home in the east.

For a long time he sat in mood slacker, now with his face buried in his hands, and again with a sad faraway gaze out across the endless stretch of bars, brown prairie to where the sun, like a great round ball of fire, was slowly sinking behind the edge of the earth. For an hour almost he remained thus, the shadow on his face deepening with those of evening, his eyes dimming, while ever and anon a tear stole down his rough, weather-stained cheek.

"Yes, we must have food," he groaned at last, "and we must have money, and we must mortgage the claim" to get it. It is a hard thing to do, but to suffer from hunger is worse. We cannot starve, that's certain."

Just then a woman appeared in the doorway. She was a wan, sad-faced creature, plainly a victim to overwork and care. Her drawn, haggard face was furrowed with deep lines of愁 and her wavy brown locks were prematurely streaked with gray. The fire of life was gone from her eyes, leaving a pair of listless orbs that told all too plainly the story of misery and suffering. There was no trace of a smile



"MARY, YOU ARE WORRYING YOURSELF SICK."

lurking about the thin, compressed lips that had once been rosy with health and happiness. She was a perfect example of mental and physical debility—a living result of hard times and "man's inhumanity to man." She was dying, inch by inch, of worry, want and grief.

John Green glanced up when his wife appeared in the doorway, and motioning her to a seat beside him attempted to assume a less melancholy air as he said:

"Mary, you are worrying yourself sick again, and you ought not to. You must have the other side of things, with me, and never lose hope."

"John, it is useless for us to try to distract our feelings any longer," Mary replied. "We know and understand each other too well for that, and we

know that there is nothing on earth for us to hope for. I have all along felt a cheerfulness I did not feel, because I thought it helped to lighten your burdens a little, but now we perfectly understand each other, and are more cheerful in body. I know what your sufferer, John, has been seen from the first, and I know that there is no hope in your heart."

"Mary, don't talk so," John pleaded. "The future does look dark and blank, but it may not be so bad as it seems. We must keep up courage."

Mary shook her head despondently, as the tears she had with so much effort held back now ran loose and flowed thick and fast. John placed his arm about her head and drawing her to him laid her head on his shoulder.

"Mary," he said, "I know the prospect is dismaying, but there will be a way of getting through it. Next year we shall raise good crops and have plenty, and only a few short months of privation lie between now and then."

"You are right, as you say, John," Mary replied, "but how are we to live during these first months? You see we have no provisions, not enough to supply our wants for another week, and no money to buy more. There is not a particle of flour or meal in the house, and Louise has gone now to try to get some from the store. Markham has refused us credit, but surely he won't deny her when he knows that we have had misfortunes and are poor it

For a little while a perfect silence reigned. Mary sobbed on her husband's breast like a heart-broken child, while John gazed vacantly out into the gathering darkness, now and then drawing his rough, soiled sleeve across his eyes. A minute or two passed so, and then John spoke.

"We must have money, Mary," he said, "to tide us over this spell. It won't take a great deal, and we must get it."

"How can we get it?" Mary asked. "We can get it in but one way, Mary, and that is a way that I do not like. It is a way that I have fought against and hoped never to have to resort to. We must borrow the money, Mary, and give a mortgage on the farm."

"Oh, John! John!" Mary cried, starting. "Don't speak of such a thing. Surely you have not forgotten what we passed through back there at the old home?"

"No, wife, I have not forgotten, and I never shall."

"Then do not talk of mortgaging the claim, for it is all we have left to us, and to mortgage it is to lose it."

"But, Mary, we must live, and that is the only thing we can do to get provisions. We must not starve."

"No, we cannot starve; but it is hard to lose our home and again go into the world penniless."

John pretended to take a more cheerful view of the situation, and it is probable that he managed to delude himself to some extent. Anyhow, his voice resumed a little of its old-time ring and his eyes grew brighter as he said:

"We will not need much money, wife, and with a good next crop we can repay it easily. Now here is an advertisement in this paper of money to loan on long time and easy terms. Three hundred dollars would tide us over nicely, and as the claim is worth a thousand, we can do not get all the time we want on so small an amount, only so as to keep the interest paid. I've been thinking over it, and it appears to me that if we gave a mortgage for two or three hundred dollars we wouldn't have anything to worry over."

It was some time before Mary made any reply to this, and when she did, she said:

"I wish I could think your statement correct, John, and could believe that the debt would be so easily paid off; but no one will lend for that, for we might have to be given, and perhaps we ought to feel thankful that we have that means of prolonging our lives. Who has the money to loan?"

"Seraggs."

"Then you will go down to-morrow and see about getting it?"

"Yes, it had as well be done, at once. If we are to borrow it, there is no use to delay. I will drive over and take you with me, that the papers can be made out and the business all completed to-morrow."

Soon Louise returned empty-handed from the store, Markham having again refused to let any goods go without money. Louise had been crying and there were still tears in her eyes when she reached her parents.

"What is the matter?" the mother asked. "What did Markham say?"

"He is useless for us to try to distract our feelings any longer," Mary replied. "We know and understand each other too well for that, and we

"He went on dreadfully mother, and he made me cry."

"What was it he said?"

"Oh, John, he things. He said we were in debt as far as we could go without money, and that he was not so rich that he could feed paupers, and he wasn't going to try. We should have to pay money or go hungry and he didn't care which. I didn't cry while I was there, but I felt so hurt that I could hardly keep back the tears, and when I got out of sight I broke down and had a long cry. Oh, how I wish old Mr. Markham were still alive."

"Like who?" John Green asked.

"Like—like you, pa," said the girl, only too plainly terminating her speech in a way totally different from what she had originally intended.

Young as Louise was she was in love with Paul Markham, and she blushed at the mention of his name, and for fear of betraying herself avoided it as much as possible.

She did not tell her parents how Paul, having overheard her interview with his father, had followed her away from the store, and came to her out on the prairie where she stopped to cry; nor how he had spoken such consoling and cheering words, and, better still, offered to loan her a portion of his small sum of money. She had accepted his kind words with a smile and gratitude and she felt that she had done perfectly right, so there was no harm in keeping her own counsel.

"Well," said John, breaking a long pause, "Markham has shown what sort of man he is. It was bad enough to deny us a little favor after all the money we have spent with him, and he might have spared himself the trouble of adding insult to injury. Because we have had misfortunes and are poor it

That quite settled matters between the rich, proud, old banker and his loving, tender-hearted daughter and from that time forth they were strange to each other; and though for two years they lived in the same house and often met, she had no opportunity to speak with him again. Louise's recognition was shown by other. Poor Mary could show pride and determine enough when she was in her father's presence, but no one ever knew what tears she shed and what heartaches she suffered when she was in her own home. She loved her father next to John, and even after his cruel speech she would have gladly thrown her arms around him, but for his looks and fierceness, only she knew that he would remorse her if she did.

John's father, not to be outdone by Blifield, notified his son never to come back home, but to consider himself disinherited and disowned. This notice did not quite crush John, since home had never been particularly pleasant and to be relegated from it was not such a terrible punishment, but it did not help his approach and us to being disbarred, well, that was little short of a joke, for the elder Green's possessions were extremely limited, consisting in the main of forty acres of poor, mortgage-ridden land, and a dozen farm animals, none of which were very choice.

So disinherited and disowned, John and his Green went to work on their own responsibility and for a time succeeded reasonably well. They brought their little home up to a point of marvelous perfection, and had a neat sum built in which they were regularly making additions. They were contented, and even happy, in spite of the fact that they were strangers to their parents.

But by and by reverses came. First, Mary took with a fever and for a time lay in the edge of death's shadow. Then, after she recovered, John lost his position on account of the house with which he was connected failing. Months of idleness followed, for there was a business crash in the land and employment was hard to obtain, with a great number of half-discharged employees roaming the streets, every town and village in search of work.

The little store in the bank began to melt away, but to make short work of that the bank failed. Then John, disheartened and worn out, fell sick, and for months was unable to leave the house. In this condition they began to feel the effects of want, and having no money to buy food, John and Mary gave a mortgage on their home, Other sickness and other misfortunes followed, so that John was never able to release the debt on his home, and in time, when the interest had eaten in deeply, the place was sold.

ter into the poor clerk's wife; and she felt none the worse by the change. She took up the duties of housekeeping and soon became quite a welcome addition to the household, and Farmer Green, as soon as he learned that their children were married, proceeded forthwith to disown them. Mary made one attempt to win her father's forgiveness, but he refused her petition, saying she need no longer consider him in the light of a father, nor, indeed, in any other light save that of a total stranger.

"I have married as you wished, and not as I would have had you," he said, "so go your way and I'll go mine. You have chosen to disregard my advice and desires, and have tied yourself to a penniless wretch, and from this time forth I know you not. You must look to John Green for everything, and when poverty and want overtakes you, no one certainly will, don't come to me for assistance, for I swear that you shall never have a penny or a crumb from me."

Andrew Lang, who tried his own hand at versifying, utters the truth about poetry: "To rhyme is one thing, to be a poet quite another. A good deal of rhyming is done by people who would be fit young men and maidens only kept this obvious fact well posted in front of their vanity and their ambition."

Patricia Potts exhibits this story against burglar in her Welsh castle. Unless a certain level is raised it is impossible to open a window at night without causing the ringing of innumerable bells in the cottages of the gardeners and in the stable, while the same current of electricity releases a large dog from its kennel.

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Annie Besant makes her name rhyme with "peasant," but Walter Besant pronounces his name, according to late information, as *Bessent*.

The German empress has formed a league for the preservation of good habits among the Prussian ladies. The members bind themselves to discourage luxury, to wear simple dresses and to practice economy in the household.

Alphonse W. Tougee, the novelist, once spent six months in reading some tremendous works on history in order to become a quite masterful. A good deal of time was spent in the study of the classics, and he was greatly interested if young men and maidens only kept this obvious fact well posted in front of their vanity and their ambition."

While in her retreat in Venice Carmen Syva, the poet-queen of Bohemia, exhibited a great fondness for gliding along the narrow canals in her gondola. She is tall, handsome and very distinguished-looking woman, with a pale face and rather cold eyes.

Andrew Lang, who tried his own hand at versifying, utters the truth about poetry: "To rhyme is one thing, to be a poet quite another. A good deal of rhyming is done by people who would be fit young men and maidens only kept this obvious fact well posted in front of their vanity and their ambition."

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"NOT A DOLLAR OF IT GOES TO MARKHAM."

John and Mary had married against the wishes of their parents. Mary's father objected to the match because John was not as high in the scale of life as he thought his daughter might aspire, for she was a banker's daughter and John was but a common clerk. Their union upset John's parents, who believed that son of his should never marry into a family the head of which presumed to be of the nobility.

Having come to this kind of terms on both sides, the couple married, and the wedding was a brilliant affair, with a great number of guests. The bride was a picture of beauty, with a complexion like a rose, and the bridegroom was a tall, slender youth, with a frank, open countenance.

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AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

THE CROWN-BORER.

A Little Beetle Which Destroys Entire Strawberry Plantings.

This little beetle is long and small, round-beetle-like being to the same family as the plum curculio. From the eggs which it places on plants, hatch small, stout, legless grubs, which mine the crown of plants. When ready to become pupae they are about one-fifth of an inch long, pure white in color, with pale yellow heads. The chrysalis is white and is enclosed in the burrows made in the crowns, and after becoming adult beetles they appear to remain there for some time. In color the beetles are chestnut brown, with several imperfectly-defined black



THE CROWN BORER (a) grub; (b) side view of beetle; (c) beetle as seen from above. The hair lines show the natural size.

spots on each side of the back; these colors seem to be acquired slowly, and examples not fully matured often occur, which are nearly uniform yellowish brown color.

A single brood develops each year, larvae occurring in the burrows from July to late in September. The beetles desert the crowns shortly before winter sets in to hibernate in the earth. This species appears to feed exclusively on strawberry plants.

The crown-borer is generally most common in old strawberry land, where it has been allowed to make plantings. It is to be feared mainly because from its small size and retarding habits, growers generally have no practical knowledge of it. Its injury may conveniently be accomplished before the sprout is detected.

The beetles are incapable of flight, having no functional wings, and are thus dependent for locomotion on the usual three pairs of legs. These they use with great facility. The beetles, grubs, larvae, altogether, the species, as may be supposed, does not migrate readily from infested beds. There is little danger of the borer getting among plants on new land at a distance from infested beds as long as the plants for new beds have not been obtained from infested ones. Grubs and pupae are found in the crowns of plants, being found there in the middle of June until late in September. Plants removed from infested beds during this time are therefore liable to convey the borers to localities to which such plants may be transferred. Those who have had experience with the borers have found that care with regard to selecting plants and ground for new beds was the best protection against injury.

No one need be entertained of the borers attacking seriously other crops which may be grown on infested land, and there is every probability that one season in corn or potatoes would rid land of them. No practical method of using insecticides against the crown-borer is known to me.—Prairie Farmer.

FARM AND FIELD.

FLAX is again destined to play an important part in our agriculture, as its cultivation is now on the increase in many portions of the country. A careful study of the work done by Kansas agricultural department shows that during the past year it has paid better than any other crop.

By increasing the yield of wheat per acre, through the agency of fertilizers, the land is also left in better condition than before, as it is often the case that a single ingredient of the soil is necessary to induce a larger yield, and by supplying it to the plants the fertility of the soil is balanced by the excess of the ingredient.

A prairie farmer with the color of fresh flowers, is one of the arts of the French paupers. The process is very simple, and consists of putting the little prints, which have first been wrapped in a thin cloth, into a tight porcelain dish on a bed of roses, or whatever blossoms are chosen. Among the flowers which give the most durable results are clover and nasturtiums.

T. B. TERRY says he depends on clover to keep up his farm; that he used to be too busy after stable manure, but little by little the wonders that could be done with clover were found out. His rotation is clover one year, the first crop out for hay usually, and the second left on the ground until time to plow for potatoes the next spring; potatoes the second year, followed by wheat in the fall, without plowing the ground.

Don't Be Deceived by Look.

Fatted up ewes are almost sure to strike the eye of the beginner and unvarying, being large, of fine symmetry, and looking in every sense as the best of the breed. If you look in the troughs perhaps you may find but some teeth absent, or others which indicate old age. Choose an active ram, of the purest blood. He should be masculine, but not coarse; strong neck, level and straight back, well rounded ribs, brisket prominent, full fore flanks, with a good leg of mutton when fat, and plenty of wool, and belly well covered with wool.—Western Rural

JUDGMENT IN FARMING. Why It Does Not Pay to Cultivate Too Much.

Very large farming operations have not, as a rule, been successful. The reason why success has not attended these gigantic agricultural ventures applies with force, according to the size of the undertaking, to farming on a lesser scale. That is to say, that the man who undertakes to till all he can possibly manage fairly well, with weather, favorable and temperate tools and man always in command of effective work, and is overhastened by the season by adverse weather, breakages, sickness and the usual other hindrances common on every farm, then he finds that his calculations are at fault. He planned to do what could have been well enough done if the man and other contingencies had favored him, but he did not discount as he should have done, the heavy discounts for bad debts, thereby avoiding great errors in the outcome of his ventures. If the farmer will make close estimates he may find that, taking the average of a number of years, he has grown as much grain on twenty acres of land as he formerly grew on forty. This is a thing possible to achieve, but the time consumed in going through such a process of saving secured through this mode is of course very great. A forty-acre field of corn may require to be gone through four times in order that reasonably fair treatment be given it, while circumstances render going through more than twice quite out of the question, and by this omission the crop is greatly curtailed.

Now, the time consumed in giving thorough attention to twenty acres four times, and on the supposition that the attention all through has been at the same ratio, it is quite possible for twenty acres to give us as large a yield as forty does, half tilled, and on land half-plowed and manured. Better by far let half your land lie, resting, or better still, seem to lie, grassed, and never have to cultivate it, if this is in grass, providing he can stack it or has good opportunity for venting his acres as pasture. It is not an uncommon notion that the farmer, observing the lessening yield attributes this to the unfavorableness of the seasons. He looks vain for the old-time yield and, after watching and waiting for a few years for a good crop, becomes disheartened with the prospect. In this case, however, and this page, the student is expected to read, explain and parse, the king-meaning following the recitation by the aid of his "pony" and an interpreter.—N. Y. Ledger.

Wids Awake for November.

It is worth everybody's while to buy the November Wids Awake, the three notable features: "The Boyhood of Hawthorne," by his relative, Mrs. Richard Manning of Salem, Mass., which is full of family anecdotes and gives a photograph of the first portrait painted of Hawthorne; the closing chapters of Margaret Sidney's famous serial, "Five Little Peppers Grown Up;" and "Wid's Tales," by Mr. Laura E. Richards, giving the tragic story of the bearer of Rascan's dispatch to Lord Lucan's "Light Brigade," when they made the famous "charge" at Balaclava; sure to become a favorite with boys for Declamation Day. Margaret Spencer has a capital story, "Gladys McLean's Halloween Party." Mrs. Kate Upon Clark has a Thanksgiving tale, "Missouri Eddie Elliott's Molasses." "A Little Lad and the Bear-Tamer" is a bit of Western humor by Charles Howard Shinn. William Zachary Gladwin has a good story of a plucky boy, called "Johnny O'Dowd's Chance." "Men and Things" is rich in anecdote, and readable poems and articles are contributed by Mrs. S. M. B. Plutt, Amanda H. Harris, D. M. E. Bates, William Clapp, Clara D. E. Bates, George L. Jackson, L. J. Brigham, and many others.

Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year; 20 cents a number. A specimen (stamp number) will be sent on receipt of 5 cents. D. Lathrop Company, publishers, Boston.

A Royal Pedagogue.

The king of Corcorans takes deep interest in the schools in which Corcoran youths are educated, and has done much, which has been in his hands, to educational operation for three years. A correspondent describes the annual examination, which the king personally conducts, as an entertaining and instructive spectacle, the more so, since his majesty does not speak or write the English language. As all his work is done being between the hours of four in the afternoon and ten at night, the annual examination often occurs at night. In his crimson-embroidered robes, the king sits behind a low, broad table, on which is placed an interlinear copy of the English exercises, vulgarly known as a "pony." Each candidate presents himself alone with deep prostrations, and to him is handed, while kneeling, with one hand, a small notebook, and with the other, a pencil. The king reads the paper, and the student is expected to read, explain and parse, the king meaning following the recitation by the aid of his "pony" and an interpreter.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 1/2 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words in it. The word is "Pond." This is true of each new one an earing each week, from Dr. H. Harter Medicine Co. This week it is a "Crescent." Next week it will be a "Star" and the next week a "Cross." Look for it, send me the name of the word, and they will return your book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

The harter emulsion is a paradise may be for the horse & mutton-chop—the pop-up impression that he beats the day—Yonkers Statesman.

Cheek Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horchord and Turp. Fitch's Toothache Drop. Cure in one minute.

A convern in onion is a hard thing to make. They give themselves away when gathered in any large quantity.—Texas Statesman.

Any one can take Carter's Little Liver Pills, they are so very small. No trouble to swallow. No pain or grasping after taking.

The post says: "The stars are peeping." The postman probably signs up the audience through a slit in the curtain.—Binghamton Leader.

The real estate speculator is rarely satisfied with his lot.—Columbus Post.

The Joe Terry manager to live luxuriously on back pay.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Men with well-knit fleeces are seldom worsted in a fight.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The apple you meant have always looks the sweetest.—Ham's Horn.

A "torot"—dear—offer of a slugger's hand in marriage.—Boston Courier.

Graziers suffer most when they are not troubled with pines.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Following the races—Many an empty pocket.—Puck.

STRANGLING every nerve—Pulling a tooth.

EATEN OUT of house and home—The pie lunch—Puck.

A STURDY man can be relied upon to keep everything but his promise.—Elmer Gantry.

My son, eat and drink in moderation, for your son is happy with dyspepsia.—Texas Statesman.

"This is what I call rough," remarked the youth when he laid strum the sand-paper—Lowell Citizen.

Every poet ought to keep a cat. No poet can get along without the mew.—Denver Sun.

The bill-poster is a man who will stick to the poorest man in the community.—Yonkers Statesman.

I HAVE struck a tremendous blow!! ex claimed the man who got caught in a barrel cage.—Washington Star.

A SICKENESS knows little about refining, but he is right up on handing a break.—Yonkers Statesman.

BILLY—I didn't eat half enough supper. Beside—What do you have for supper? Billy—Comme il faut.

Quaint things happen sometimes. An Old man recently opened a jewelry store and got six years for doing so.

There is a moral influence associated with a piano. If it has a upright it is square.—Cape Cod Item.

To Bengal Colds.

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectively, yet gently, when cosa or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to remove the grippe, and to strengthen the body, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

The author who is seriously depressed by unfavorable notices of his work may be said to be critically ill.—Lowell Courier.

ALWAYS avoid harsh purgative pills. They will make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Done, one pill.

An amateur sailor calls his yacht "Old Chum." Being a Little Liver Pill regulator, she makes you well. Done, one pill.

On board a steamer.

Before buying Test Water Proof COAT

POUR some water in the sleeve holding the coat and lay it as flat as you can on any surface. If the water remains on the coat, it is not water proof.

There are pads in the market that look very nice but don't last long.

TOWER'S IMPROVED Fish Brand Skin Softener.

SHINE ON for the soft Woollen Collar and cuffs.

Wash Out for the soft Woollen Collar and cuffs.

A. J. TOWER, Mfr., Boston, Mass.

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep

Seated Ulcers of 40 years

standing, Inward Tumors, and

every disease of the skin, except

Thunder Humor, and

Cancer that has taken root.

Price, \$1.50. Sold by every

Druggist in the U. S. and

Canada.

Before buying

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The Turning Point

With many a man is some trifling act a mere recommendation of some friend to try. Dr. H. M. Smith, of Boston, has saved the lives of hundreds.

He has a special formula for wherever it has been tried there have always been good results.

S. S. S. for

Rheumatic Pains, Cancer of the Skin, Ulcers and Sores, All Skin Diseases.

A. Institute on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed

Free on application.

DRUGGISTS! Sell It.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.

Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

A Sensible Woman

She's putting the washboard where it'll do some good. She has suffered with it long enough; broken her back over it, rubbed the clothes to pieces on it, wasted her time with it. But now she knows better. Now she's using Pearline—and when a woman uses Pearline, the only way to use the washboard is in the kitchen fire. There's no more hard work, no more ruinous rubbing, but there's washing that's easy and economical and safe.

Millions of women are just as sensible as this one. Are you?

Send

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Peoline."

IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of it, send it back to the honest

JAMES PYLE, New York.

Scots & Sons, Chemists, 123 South 7th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Pearline Emulsion of cod-liver oil everywhere.

Send

DR. HARTER'S

TRADE MARK THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC

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